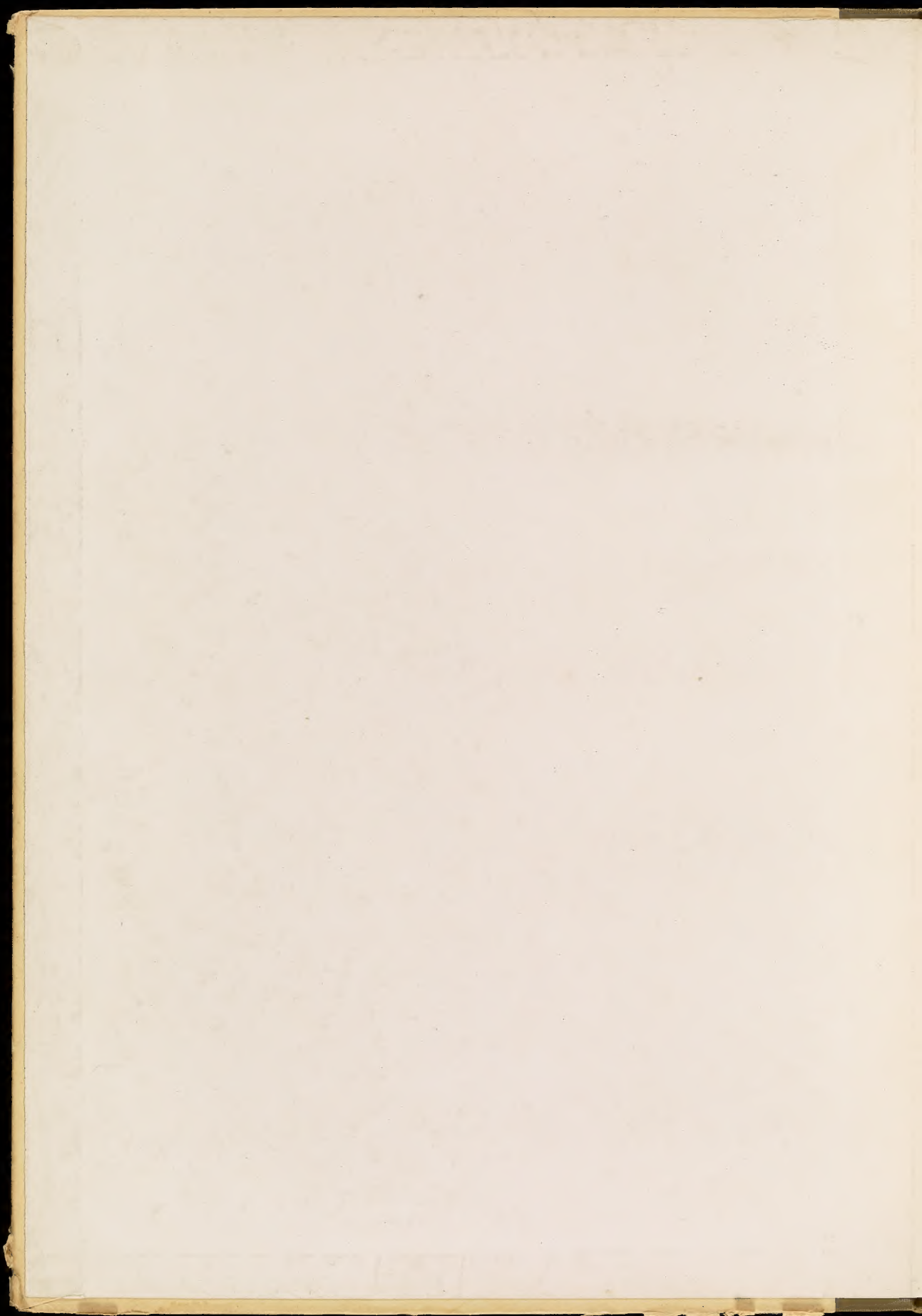


DRAWINGS



BY

A. B. FROST



S 476511







The Last Match

GENTLY, brother! shield the treasure—
 Let no wanton zephyr snatch
 That uncertain flame of pleasure
 From our last, our precious match,

Which shall set the weed to glowing
 Till the fragrant smoke-puffs spout
 Nicotine's ambrosial blowing—
 Hang the luck! the thing's gone out!

DRAWINGS

BY

A. B. FROST

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

AND VERSE BY

WALLACE IRWIN



NEW YORK

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LIST OF PICTURES

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| THE LAST MATCH | A BAD SPILL |
| THE SICK COW | THE PLEASURES OF AUTOMOBILING |
| TEMPER | MUSKALLONGE FISHING |
| "WHOA, THERE!" | ON THE WING |
| UNDER PENALTY OF LAW | FISHIN' OFF LONG PINT |
| "HEAH, YO' BOYS!" | THE CRITICAL MOMENT |
| THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER | BY-GONE DAYS |
| THE HUNTSMAN | WHEN A RED COAT IS EMBARRASSING |
| THE MONROE DOCTRINE | BLACK BASS FISHING |
| PIGS | "WHAT TIME IS IT BY <i>YOUR</i> WATCH?" |
| THE CONCILIATOR | AN UNWELCOME VISITOR |
| KING OF THE HERD | CIRCUS DAY |
| TROUT FISHING | THE DAY OF RECKONING |
| CARIBOU HUNTING | THE MUZZLE-LOADING GUN |
| THE DUFFER | POLITICS AT THE CORNERS |
| GETTING 'ROUND THE OLD MAN | SNIPE SHOOTING |
| THE GLORY OF A WINTER'S DAY | THE DEACON |
| SUPPER IN CAMP | AFTER THREE YEARS IN THE CITY |
| THE GAME BETWEEN THE SQUIRE | "HERE HE COMES!" |
| AND POSTMASTER | IF THE OLD MEN WILL PLAY GOLF |





INTRODUCTION

ONCE upon a time, as I have heard, two worthy gentlemen, of what is correctly called the old school, were engaged in a hot dispute in regard to a question of fact, and they presently discovered that the only reasonable way to settle the matter was to put up their money in the form of a wager. In these days, such a thing would fall under the head of "futures," and by some it would be regarded as "speculation," but in the days of the old school the refined appointments of business had not reached the point of establishing a bucket-shop or an "exchange" at every cross-roads grocery, and so the two gentlemen had some difficulty in finding a stakeholder. But, at last, one who had heard their dispute volunteered to take charge of their money pending a settlement of the question of fact at issue, whatever it may have been. It so happened that the volunteer was a stranger, and the two gentlemen looked him over with some degree of anxiety. "It is true," they said, "that you can hold the stakes, but who will hold you?" The question, being a personal one, was very embarrassing when put pointblank; and I am afraid the gentle reader, who is not nearly so gentle as he was formerly supposed to be, will be filled with similar misgivings with respect to this introduction, which I have been asked to supply for a volume of drawings by Arthur Burdette Frost. I am in a worse predicament than the two gentlemen referred to, for while I can go through the form of introducing Mr. Frost, there is not even a stranger who will undertake to introduce me—especially when I seem to be venturing forth from my native Flatwoods to trespass on a domain which is said to belong to a very few critics who are never in the best of health save when they can whip their knowledge of art into some sort of protest or complaint.

Fortunately for all concerned, the consideration of a volume of drawings by Mr. Frost need not involve a knowledge of the technique of art. He has himself attended to that part of the business in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. He knows how to deal with all the values necessary to give life and movement to a drawing. Among American illustrators none has covered a wider field, or given more genuine pleasure and satisfaction to a public that is not quite happy with a book or a magazine unless it is full of pictures that convey a meaning and give a gratification that is not to be found in the printed matter. And it is a cultured public that is to be gratified: it is a public that has a taste for art, and that knows as well as, or even

better than, the art critics when a picture is well done—whether it is done with a skill of interpretation that is above and beyond any mere technique. It is not enough to say that Mr. Frost has gratified the public taste; he has instructed it, although his attitude is far from that of an instructor.

The one characteristic that marks all the work of Mr. Frost, the one quality that stands out above the rest, is its persistent and ever-present humor, which gives it a color and a pungent flavor of its own. It represents the artist's way of looking at life, and it is so completely his own way, it is so entirely the result of his own individuality, that most of his drawings have a decided literary touch; that is to say, a literary man, perceiving the verities arranged in postures so sympathetic and illuminating that they tell their own story at a glance, might well envy Mr. Frost the possession of a gift that is capable of looking around and behind what should seem to be commonplace, and of bringing out all that is calculated to relate it to our own personal experiences, whether these last are the result of reflection, observation, or adventure. When this result is produced in a large way, and persistently, the only name we have for it is humor, and it remains humor whether the medium is plastic, pictorial, or purely literary.

I do not remember to have ever seen a definition of humor that gives a very clear account of all its ramifications, or that meets all the exigencies for which it is responsible. It seems to be as necessary and as vital an accompaniment of human nature as electricity is of the universe and its outlying provinces which have thus far eluded the observation of our cheerful friends, the astronomers; and it appears to be as difficult to define the one satisfactorily as it is to explain the other. With respect to electricity, indeed, your truly enterprising scientist might say—although I believe he never has said—that it is the essence, the culmination of vibration, and in this way be able to put curiosity to bed for a brief hour. Similarly, it might be said that humor is the essence of our poor human nature at its best, and yet there are hundreds of possibilities that this definition would fail to account for.

Therefore, it is unscientific. This is what is said when an explanation or a definition leaves something to be desired—it is unscientific; and this represents the spirit of our busy little age with all the exact cruelty of a photograph. Out upon the man, or the woman even, who is unscientific; there is no place for him on this small sphere, and there is no outlying planet from which he will not be evicted by the indignant and up-to-date inhabitants. Right around the corner there is a literary scientist who will tell you with a straight face that our age is "different to" other ages that have gone before, and unhesitatingly call in the family physician when a "split infinitive" is discovered in his favorite periodical.

How happy should we be, therefore, when we have to consider a quality, a characteristic, a gift, that is not only not scientific, but not necessarily intellectual! Although humor is prompt to make its presence felt, it refuses to be tagged with any

special label, and runs about everywhere, sometimes with a smile on its face, sometimes with a tear in its eye, and sometimes convulsed with laughter such as was heard before the old-time fashions had grown into bad manners. But humor is likewise a preacher, and has its serious, not to say solemn, side, so much so that it would be unrecognizable were it not for the twinkle in the eye, the kindly tone, and the friendly and familiar gesture.

Humor sometimes holds a torch for irony to work by, but it is not to be confused with wit, which licks out its little tongue of flame and is gone before you know that your hide has been blistered, or that you have witnessed the searing of another's cuticle. Now, wit and irony, and the whole brood of correlated qualities, are more frequently than not the business partners of logic and argument. A point is made and they are summoned to illustrate it; and at their best they are active in a discussion; they play about and are ready to do business at a moment's warning. But when humor is called on to serve there is at once an appeal to the verities—to some fact or episode, or to some fundamental feature or disposition, or to some emotional peculiarity that may be recognized as belonging to human nature.

Humor, as Mr. Frost employs it, is both creative and interpretative, and, by virtue of the material which is his chosen medium, it must be continually, if not constantly, dramatic. It is at its best when on the point of a crisis or immediately afterward; there is almost always, and inevitably, a situation. This means very much more than the arrangement of a group; it involves something that has nothing immediately to do with detail, or with the demands of perspective and other technical necessities; it involves the spirit of the drawing, the creation and interpretation of character, the effect that the crisis has, or has had, on those most deeply concerned, and the response that is made by their attitudes, their gestures, and the play of their features. It is the humor of the artist that gives form and substance to the scene and that sheds a steady and a sympathetic light upon the characters.

It will be observed that I am conscientiously leaving the matter of Mr. Frost's art to those who are familiar with the demands made and the effects produced by lines, whether black or white. When a picture is well done, that is the end of its art so far as the most of us are concerned; we do not pause to analyze the means by which an effect is produced, but give ourselves over to such enjoyment as our taste will permit. The average person is of necessity an impressionist, and unless a work of art appeals to him as a whole unless the impression made on his mind is vivid, or familiar, or touches hands with some reminiscence of poetry or romance—he leaves it as he found it, undisturbed by both admiration and criticism.

For that reason there must be something over and above the technical perfection of art in a picture that is intended to please, or to instruct, or to amuse. There must be something even beyond the artist's joy of work. In Mr. Frost's drawings, as I have said, humor is the great illuminator—the humor that produces the one touch of nature

that makes first cousins of all mankind. The artist can be comical enough when he desires to indulge to the utmost the drollery that belongs to his temperament, as may be seen in a volume of drawings which he published several years ago. In that volume there was a series of pictures representing the adventures of a benevolent man with a bull calf that he had rescued from the clutches of two cruel boys. The series fairly glows with the broad humor called for by the situations, and the two animals—the benevolent man and the bull calf—display all the characteristics common to each. The contrast between the two is brought out with such truth and effect that the result is side-splitting.

And in the same volume, when there arises an occasion or an opportunity to depict the domestic life of the bearded lady—the unfailing and unfading feature of all the side-shows dear to memory—she is seen at her fireside contentedly nursing her infant child, which is also blessed with a full beard! The particular volume containing these pictures, and others in the same vein, has long since been worn to tatters and has fallen apart, but the drawings remain as fresh in the memory as if they were as new as yesterday.

The artist is fond of telling or suggesting a story. For him life and its activities have a perpetual charm. Human nature appeals to him in all its manifold ramifications and possibilities; he would pluck the heart out of the mystery of character and individuality. He is familiar with the creatures of wood and field, and he carries with him that love of sport that good men and healthy boys have in common; but even when the hunt is at its height—when the dogs are in full cry, and the horses running free—he is interested in the fate of the cautious gentleman, who, too timid to face the fence, has dismounted to lower the bars, and, as his horse takes to his heels, comes face to face with Brother Bull, whose good humor is not proof against the irritation of a red coat. The situation is dramatic and full of humor. We feel that the frightened gentleman will live to hunt another day, for Brother Bull is not as angry as he might be; he has come forward to investigate, and by the time he shakes his head preparatory to using his horns, the hunter will have scaled the bars.

The same spirit of humor, the same suggestion of the dramatic, is to be found in all the drawings herein reproduced—even in the portrait sketches. The shrewd smile, the quizzical expression, the air of having just said something worth hearing, or the suggestion that something is about to be said, is to be found in these typical faces. And the atmosphere of the groups gathered around the political disputants, or about the gentleman who has come home from the legislature, is saturated with a humor that is at once suggestive and satisfying.

There is a story here, there, and everywhere when Mr. Frost takes up his pen or his brush. This is why his characters all have the appearance of types, and why they always seem to be in action, or on the point of getting into action. Some years ago the artist had occasion to illustrate a volume of folk-lore stories. The book was by

no means a new one, but he took it over to himself and imparted to it a freshness that will never cease to be delightful to those who know the difficulties he had to overcome. Other artists had tried their hands at it, but, although they did fairly well, there was something lacking. Mr. Frost approached the problem in a way different from all others. The stories in the book were attributed to an old negro, and they were chronicles of the antics and adventures of the wild creatures of the forest.

The difficulty to be solved was how to interpret these creatures from the viewpoint of the negro's imagination. The result of the artist's effort is a series of drawings which for pure humor have probably never been surpassed. The illustrations rarely approach the comic, but the way in which human nature has been combined with animal nature is deliciously illuminating.

Another feature of the work of Mr. Frost is that it is essentially and peculiarly American. The books that he has interpreted by means of his illustrations are concerned with people in almost every part of the Republic—New England, the South, the Middle West, and the Pacific Slope—but the characters he draws are always true to their environment; they belong to the time and the place, and could belong nowhere else; and they all show the influence of the American spirit and breathe in an atmosphere of American humor.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



The Sick Cow

HUSH! run fill the bottle quick!
Seems like one of us was sick,
Poor old Pansy! ain't it queer?
Had 'er now fer seven year.
Never thought with all 'er fuss
She was wuth so much to us.
Never seen 'er so before;
Guess I kinder cussed and swore
Every time she went astray,
Kicked 'er pail or run away.
That was only Tuesday week—
My! she looks so thin and meek
With 'er sort o' listless eye
And 'er nose all hot and dry—
Seems to mean to me, somehow,
Somethin' more'n jest a cow:
Shows how trouble, bustin' in,
Draws us closer to our kin.





Temper

ALTHOUGH this burst of temper sad
Has turned him to a raging loon,
And made his aim so very bad
He couldn't hit a gas balloon ;
Yet just suppose one blow *should* fall
Upon that little rubber pill,
And send it, like a musket ball,
Sky-scooting with intent to kill !
And that is why it's best for me
To watch him from behind a tree.





“Whoa, There!”

IF grandpa may kick up his heels
With the sanction of poets and books
That a man is as young as he feels
And a woman as young as she looks,
Can't such logic apply to a horse
Who capers defiance to facts?
When a wind-broken mare
Kicks her fetlocks in air
She is surely as young as she acts.





Under Penalty of Law

YOU have slain in a spirit of treason,
For the Law of the Forest has said
That Murder is Sport-out-of-season
With the price of the blood on your head.

Then say, can you hide the dead plunder
That fell to your mischievous gun,
And leave the wide forest to worder
At the spot where the Murder was done?





“Heah, yo’ Boys!”

HEAH, yo’ boys, yo’ jes’ quit dat!

Hittin’ ob a niggah an’ a-skeerin’ ob a cat —
Gawd made de snowflakes to lay on de groun’
An’ not to pitch an’ to th’ow aroun’,

So yo’ jes’ quit

A-doin’ h’it,

Er de fust yo’ know I’ll be tellin’ a cop,
An’ he’ll nab yo’ up jes’ quick as a pop
An’ lock yo’ in a prison ob de very wust kind
For disturbin’ de peace ob a cullud man’s mind.





The Arkansaw Traveler

HUM-A-DIDDLE, ho, for the Arkansaw traveler,
(Still a-doin' odd jobs—do 'em all my life),
Workin' on the haystack, diggin' in the gravel, oh,
(Skeeter ran away with a hedgehog's wife).

Hum hum !

Parson in the pulpit says I am a sinner, oh,
(Still a-doin' odd jobs—do 'em all my life),
Never mind the parson—dancin' for my dinner, oh,
(Skeeter ran away with the hedgehog's wife).

Hum-hum !

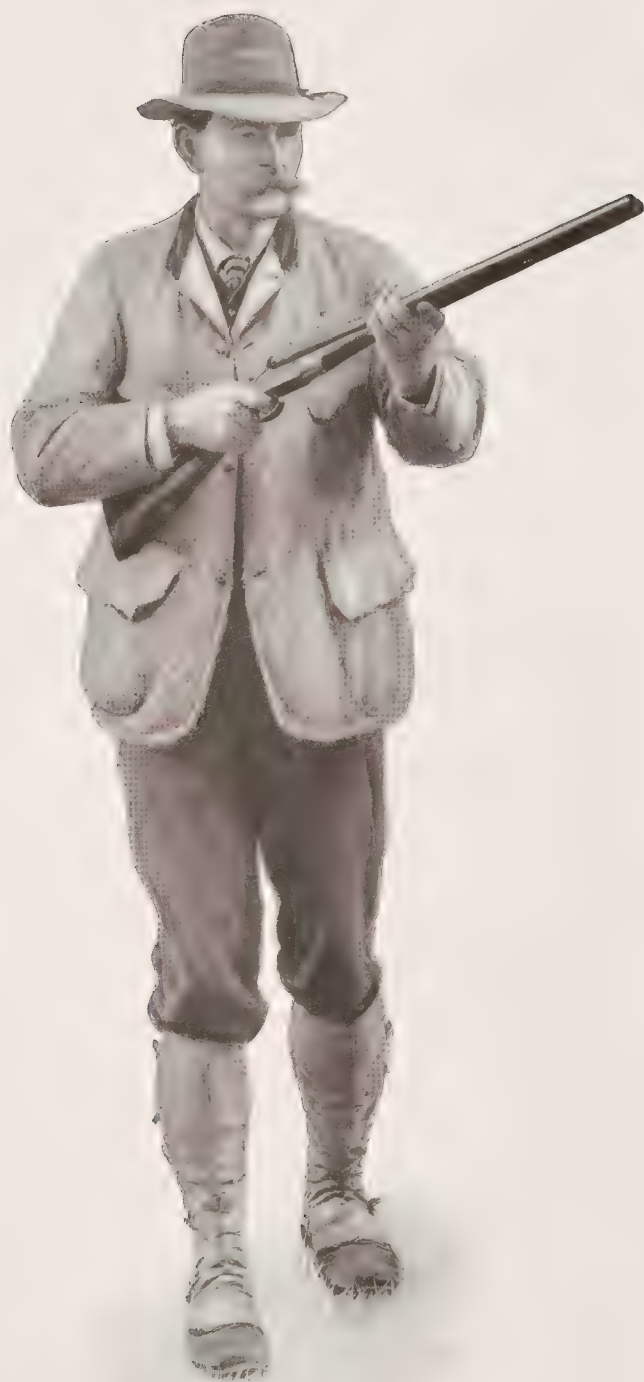




The Huntsman

AS ROBIN HOOD the Outlaw ranged through Sherwood's dappled glen,
He sped a dart to the roebuck's heart to please his merry men.
"By yonder shot so swift and clean I make my pledge," said he,
"For the hand that drew an aim untrue, shall ne'er be true to me."

Bold Robin shot his last fair shaft through Sherwood's dappled glen,
But the law he made in the forest shade is the law of hunter men
What time he goes with dog and gun to glut his pride of skill
When the quail is in the stubble and the stag is on the hiil.





The Monroe Doctrine

LIVES there a man with soul so numb
As leave our nation to succumb
To Europe's cynic sneer?
Who'd let the grasping Hand of Mail
Lay one destructive finger-nail
Upon our Hemisphere?

If such there be, oh may he live
To hear good Deacon Wilson give
Fierce battle to the foe
Who dares by act or look or speech
To undermine or overreach
The Doctrine of Monroe.





Pigs

A MAN behavin' like a pig's a shock to Natur's plan,
And any decent pig's ashamed to imitate a man ;
Fer when a pig acts human-like, I guess he kind o' feeis
He's sort o' doin' violence to some o' his ideels.





The Conciliator

THE Sturdy Farmer has a few
Blunt, forceful Protests to present,
And yet the Huntsman's able to
Advance the Strongest Argument.

Here comes the Farmer's Brother, who
Will doubtless need Convincing, too.





King of the Herd

CROWNED with your horns, more king, indeed
Than human king, by strength you lead,

Through fear of those sharp prongs which now
You wear for battle on your brow.

Ruling your warriors royally
By judgment, force, and tyranny,

Yours is the king's divinest right—
The stern authority of might,

To hold a people in the grip
Of fierce, unfearing leadership

Till some assassin's ball shall start
The life blood from your regal heart.





Trout Fishing

A FLICK and a flash at the hackle
And a tug like a jumping tooth,
Then the song of the reel on the tackle,
That you'll never mistake in sooth.
He's game, but that need not daunt you ;
He's fond of the rocks, and sly—
May the ghost of old Izaak haunt you
If you let him bolt with a fly !





Caribou Hunting

JUST as the bullet yearns to sing,
The Dryads of the Hunt conspire
To lure the Chieftain's following
Across the deadly line of fire.





The Duffer

I DON'T know what in blazes
The Scotch would call this swing,
But if in baseball phrases
I should describe the thing,
I'd say he'd laced a lu-lu
Across the health food ads,
And brought in every Zulu
That lingered on the pads ;
Had tossed the stick south-westly
And made a clean home run.
And felt a little chesty
About the trick he'd done





Getting 'Round the Old Man

THOUGH the Farmer's first impulse was wrath,
Still he knows a Havana cigar,
 (As he sees by the band)
And the gun in his hand
Augurs rather for peace than for war.

Though the sign about trespassing's plain,
The Huntsman undoubtedly saw
 That the righteous-est huff
 May be soothed by a bluff—
And a Bluff is nine points of the Law.





The Glory of a Winter's Day

IF she acts her part
With a frozen heart,
Then hark to a fool's advice :
Beware her lure,
Or she'll lead you, sure,
Till you're skating on dangerous ice.

But a fig for the storm
If her heart is warm
With the heavenly fires that soothe—
Then away for a glide,
With the Girl at your side,
Where the ice of true love runs smooth.





Supper in Camp

THE forest has its perfumes blown
From many a balsam-laden cone,
But somehow they inspire me not
When supper's steaming in the pot.

The wood has many a magic call
When branches lisp and waters fall,
But none that sound more deeply sweet
Than Jake's announcement, "Time to eat!"





The Game Between the Squire and Postmaster

STRANGER, when ye mention checkers, speakin' of it by that name,
Ye are probably referrin' to a pastime parlor game,
Somethin' kittenish and easy fer an hour before the fire—
Did ye ever see a struggle 'twixt Old Wrigley and the Squire?

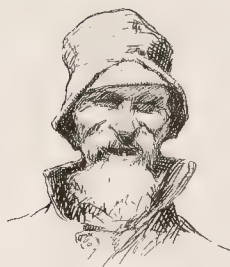
That *is* checkers! Every little disk that sets upon its square
Represents a stack o' thinkin' fit to lift ye off yer chair,
Represents more solid brain-power spent in huntin' ways and means
Than would solve the Labor Problem or would buy the Philippines.

Every indivijul checker seems to lift a stern defi,
Sayin', "This here bar'l will totter from its base as soon as I!"
And the very stars seem watchin' what the frownin' Squire will do,
As Old Wrigley sort o' swallows hard—then jumps the Squire fer two!

And ye speak o' this as "checkers"!—Is it "checkers" in the fight
When the General sends his cavalry to turn the foeman's right,
And the horsemen charge fer glory as they face the deadly fire?—
Say! ye ought to see a game between Old Wrigley and the Squire.



L. B. FORD



A Bad Spill

THE *funniest* jokes is all the time a-happenin' to us!
Jest yestiday our chestnut team got so up-streperous
They made a sort o' sudden turn the foot o' Crawford's hill,
And dumped us in the snow—kerflop!—it was a dandy spill.

I went right over Uncle's head, and Ma on top o' me,
And Pa, a-draggin' to the lines, was swearin'—gee mnee!
He hollered, "Whoa, ye cock eyed fools! I'll murder ye some day—"
And Ma says, "Wilson Brown, tut, tut! be careful what you say."

It throwed Aunt Kate about a rod, and there stood Uncle Joe
A-roarin' like a tiger with his collar full o' snow.
Pa says the fact we wasn't killed was jest mir-acle-ous—
The *funniest* jokes is all the time a-happenin' to us!





The Pleasures of Automobiling

THIS picture's instructive, if only to show
That Automobile Fiends, wherever they go,
Don't get *all* their fun at such practical jokes
As frightening horses and murdering folks ;
For here they're discovered a moment or two
Politely engaged in enjoying the view.



A.B. Frost



Muskallonge Fishing

LIKE a true warrior, stoutly met
In battle's fierce delight,
He draws his foe to death, and yet
Admires him for his fight.





On the Wing

FOR a pot-shot is a knave's shot, as the noble fowlers swear,
And a wide shot is a fool's shot that is wasted on the air;
But the wise shot and the true shot, where the sportsman is the king,
Is the fair shot in the open with the birds upon the wing.





Fishin' Off Long P'int

AND I think, as I angle for fish,
In the hope that my hooks will attach 'em,
It's delightfully easy to fish—
But harder than blazes to catch 'em.



A. S. Frost



The Critical Moment

HERBERT JOHNSON, Herbert Johnson,
You've a glorious deed to do—
If you miss it—if you miss it—
Local pride is watching you!
Gosh, you've caught it! Gee, you've tagged him!
Herbert, you're a hero now.
Hip, hooray for Herbert Johnson
And the Cornville Eagles—WOW!





By-Gone Days

TIME o' life when we wuz youngah,
Time o' love an' time o' hungah,
Sally come to live wid me—couldn't live alone.
Allers cookin', allers bakin'
Sumpin' she wuz fond o' makin'—
Des like cake an' honey dew wuz huh co'n pone.

'Low hit's gone, de time o' seekin',
Time o' love an' pleasant speakin';
I'm a lazy, drunken niggah, Sally is a crone—
Jawin' at de smoky fiah,
Voice a-raisin' highah, highah—
Ain't no sweetness any mo' in huh co'n pone.





When a Red Coat is Embarrassing

MR. BULL, I'm a peaceful outsider,
Though my coat *is* as scarlet as gore;
If your knowledge of huntsmen were wider,
You'd see what I'm wearing it for—
Hang it all! I've come here as a Rider,
And not as a Toreador.





Black Bass Fishing

A THREE-POUND pull and a five-pound bite,
An eight-pound jump and a ten-pound fight,
A twelve-pound bend to your pole—but alas!
When you get him aboard he's a half-pound bass.





What Time Is It by *Your* Watch?

THOUGH "What's the time?" 'twixt gentlemen
May wear no dark suggestion,
It rather floors our Hero when
Our Villain asks the question;
For all the forest speaks of crime—
My, but one's knees feel funny!—
And when the Villain asks for "time,"
One knows that "time" means "money."





An Unwelcome Visitor

FIAH, laik de Debil, creep about
W'en nobuddy's watchin' to put 'im out;

Come widout knockin', sneak t'rough de do',
Cotch a good holt on de pitch-pine flo',

Sco'ch up de table, sco'ch up de chaiah,
Roll-a-blaze, roll-a-blaze high in de aiah,

Twel de lil' ole shanty bust inter flame
An' crackle an' whoop in de Debil's name.

Den yo' know dat de witches has pass' yo' by
An' somebuddy look wiv de cbil eye,

An' de fiah he come by de low down plan
Ob a Will-o'-de-Wush an' a cunjah man.

Wha's dat yo' say? dat yo' incline
To 'low disher fiah wuz a fault o' mine?

Dat I went ter sleep an' began to sno'
An' drap mah co'n-cob pipe on de flo'?

Gwan along, chile, wiv de t'ings yo' say!
Fiahs do'n' staht in dat foolish vay;

Fer dat dar confumigration flame
Des all come erbout in de Debil's name,

F'um de voodoo chant an' de low down plan
Ob a Will-o'-de-Wush an' a cunjah man.





Circus Day

DO you feel it, do you feel it
In the same delicious way,
As in boyhood took possession
When the wonder-wrought procession
 Rumbled by on Circus Day?
Do you feel that same desiring
For the spangled-silk attiring,
 For the nomad's life of play,
When the elephant so trumpety,
And the dromedary humpety,
And the steeple necked giraffe,
And the clowns with vacant laugh,
And the music-bearing wagon
With its carven, gilded dragon,
 Wind along in cadence slow?
Do you have a sort of reeling,
 Dizzy feeling, just as though
Life would be a magic measure,
Full of treasure, full of pleasure,
 If they'd only let you go—
 If you only *could* be singled out to
 travel with a show?

5140.





The Day of Reckoning

WELL, ye're back at last, Hi Newton
From the Legislature, hey?
And with all yer high-falutin'
What did *we* git from it, say?

Where's the railroad that we thought ye
Was a-goin' to put through
When we promised to support ye—
(We elected of ye, too).

Where's our rates in transporta ion,
And our new Primary School,
And our Court House—thunderation!
Take the Corners fer a fool?

Think *we're* runnin' institutions
Ye can break yer promise to?
Here, jest read them resolutions,
Showin' what we think o' *you*!





The Muzzle-Loading Gun

P'INTED at 'is left ear—reckon hit's a habit—

Hi-yah! fo' de muzzle-loadin' gun!—

Seen de left hind foot of de Janooary rabbit

Hoppin' t'rough de snowflakes, an' ketch 'im on de run.

Brer Rabbit's s'posed to be a mighty clevah pusson—

Hi-yah! his foolish days is done!—

Better git some wisdom f'um 'is mammy's second cousin

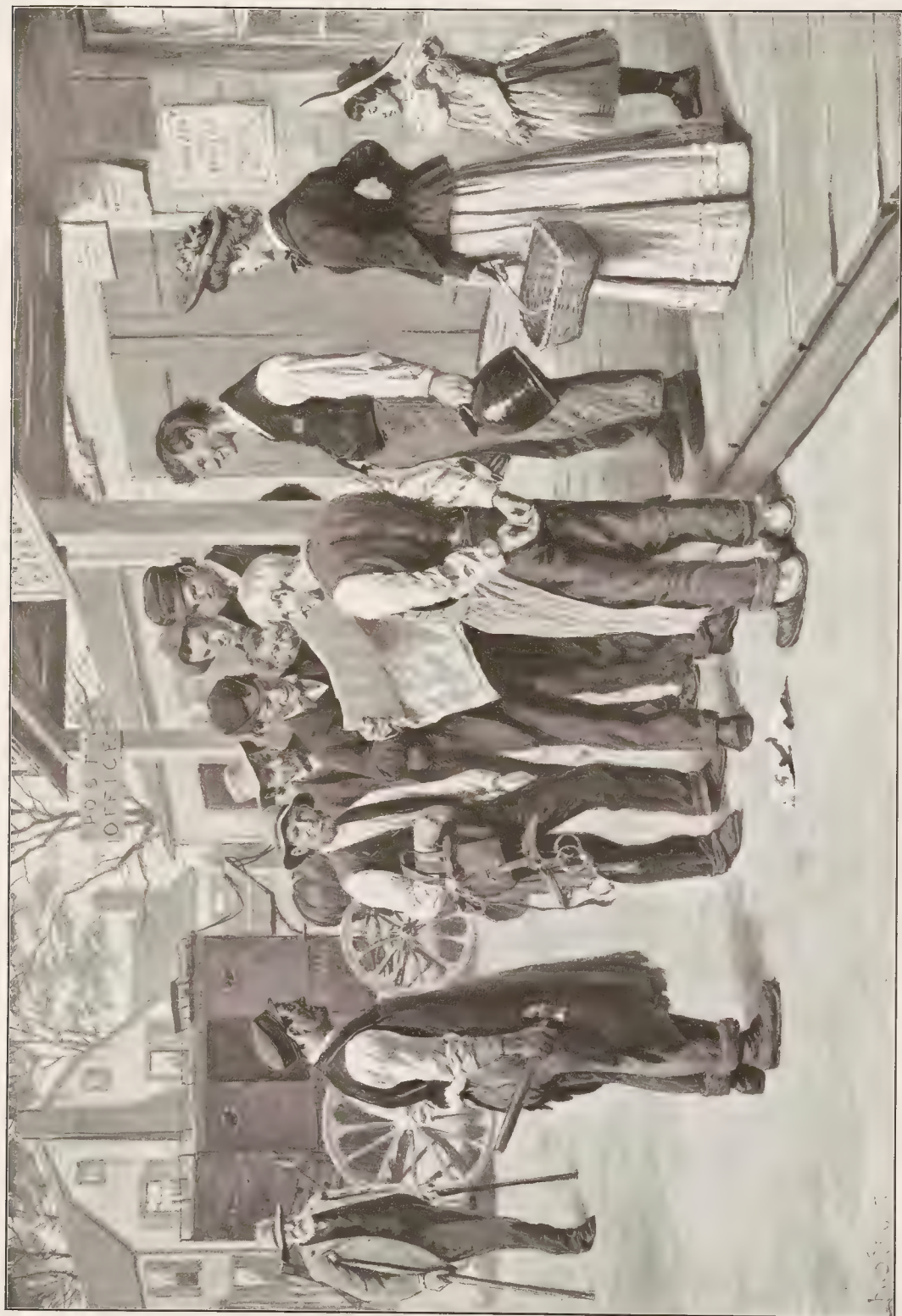
Ef he wants to dodge de music of dat muzzle-loadin' gun!





Politics at the Corners

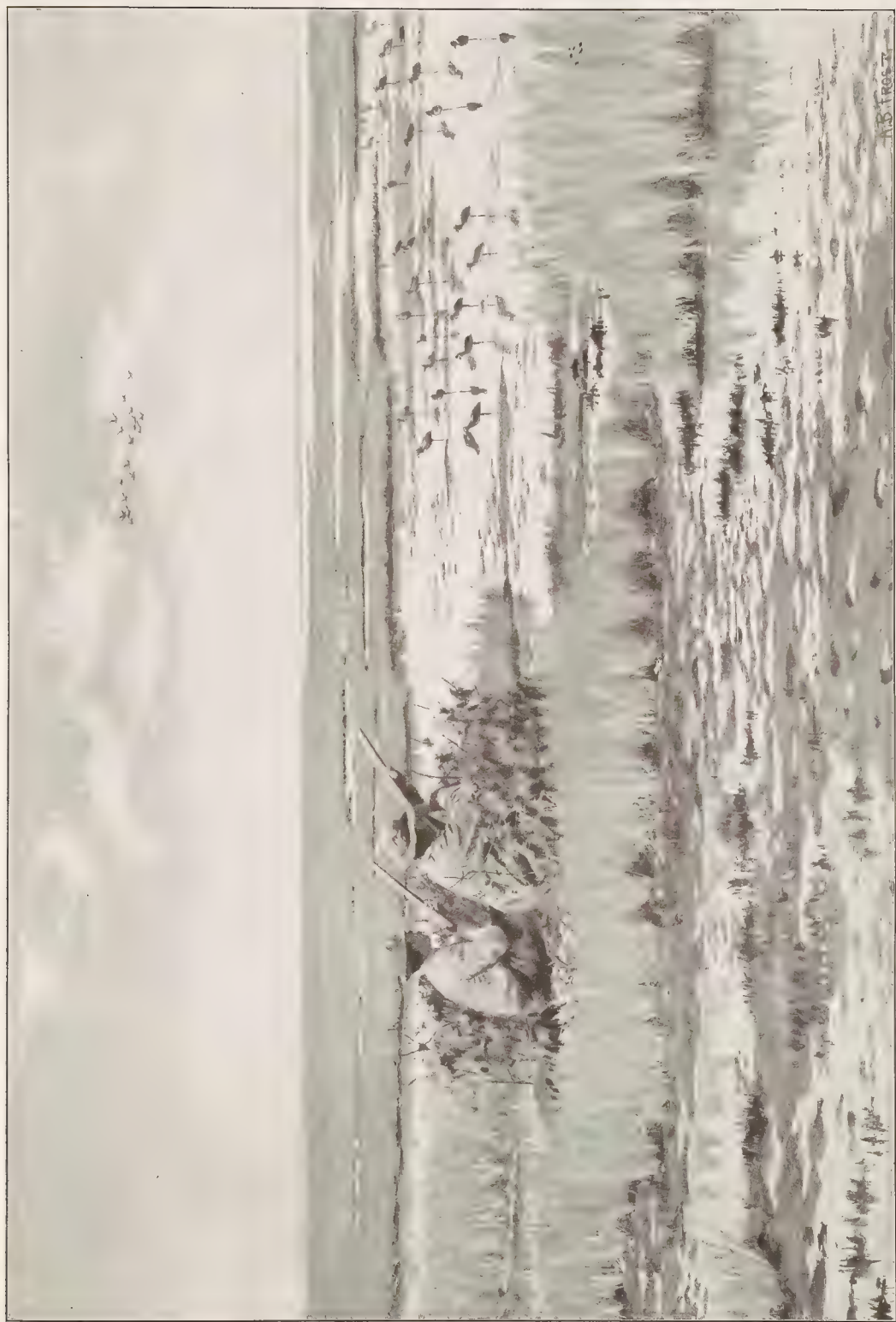
THEM fellers up to Washington
That know the laws by heart,
'F they would fool the Corners, son,
They've got to look right smart;
Fer every gol darn mail, by gum,
The Corners is a-watchin' um.





Snipe Shooting

WERE I a bird I'd most enjoy
The care-free life of the Decoy,
So that, however tame I'd be,
No one would care to shoot at me.
The reason for my wish is thus
Ridiculously obvious.



H.B. Frost



The Deacon

DEACON FEATHERPOLE

Is a powerful pious soul,
Carryin' his righteousness in beautiful repose,
Always bringin' some
Thoughts on wrath to come—
Jest about the time he has a mortgage to foreclose.

Has a right to be
Glad Salvation's free—
Deacon's mighty careful that he'll git his money back—
Deacon Featherpole
Is a cheerful, godly soul,
A marble Pillar of the Church—and a durned hard nut to crack !





After Three Years in the City

GRANDPA thinks, "I vum to vow!
Willum's got past spankin' now."

Father thinks, "D'ye suppose
Willum *allers* wears them clo'es?"

Brother thinks, "He's powerful knowin',
Judgin' 'by the way he's blowin'."

Mother thinks, "He fairly eats
Them there nasty cigareets."

Sister thinks, "Well, after all,
Willum's growin' nice and tall."

Little Sammy, fancy free,
Thinks, "When I'm a man I'll be--"





“Here He Comes!”

NIGGER goes a gunnin',
Coon 'e goes a-runnin',
(Hi, Spot! Hi, Tige! wha's dat yo' see?)
Fiah gits to smokin',
Coon 'e sets a-jokin'
Up in de branch ob de ole oak tree.

Coon climbs highbah
Poke up de fiah!
(Soon Mr. Coon will be havin' a su'prise!)
Dogs staht to yellin',
Fiah gits to smellin',
Coon 'e wipes de teah-drops outen he eyes.

Ready wiv yo' gun, dar
Here come de fun dar!
(Hi, Spot! Hi, Tige! wha's dat yo' see?)
Bang! goes de rumblin',
Coon 'e comes a-tumblin'
Outen de branch ob de ole oak tree.





If the Old Men Will Play Golf on Saturday Afternoon

YES, the Old Dogs bark and caper when the Young Dogs aren't around,
And they harbor the delusion that they hold the stamping-ground,
And they boast of youthful spirits—but the wag is up as soon
As the Puppies come a-frolicking on Saturday afternoon.

William, it's an old delusion. We are twenty—so we say—
But our hair is thin and grizzled and our beards a trifle gray.
Though the winds are whistling "Autumn" we imagine that it's June—
Till the Puppies come a-rollicking on Saturday afternoon.

See that sixteen years of muscle, terrifyingly alive!
You may sneer, you dear old cynic—but could *you* make such a drive?
See 'em scramble down the heather, pulse to energy atune—
Ah, the Puppies love their rollicking on Saturday afternoon!

Every Pup must have his romp, friend, every Dog must have his growl;
Guess if *we* were frank and twenty *we* would make the welkin howl.
There are good plays still among us, and it seems a trifle soon
To feel wholly antiquated every Saturday afternoon.







